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HOPKINSVILLE, KY. [17 Jan 1-'85]

G. E. Medley. DENTIST.

Hopkinsville, Ky. Having bought out Dr. R. R. Bourne my of-fice will be in the future over Bank of Hop-lineville, corners in and Main Sts. MEDLEY.

JAMES BEKATUITT. HENRY J. STITES. BREATHITT & STITES, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, HOPKINSVILLE, - - KY. Comce-No. 434 North Main Street.

All Sorts of

hurts and many sorts of ails of man and beast need a cooling lotion. Mustang Liniment.

The Mirror

is no flatterer. Would you make it tell a sweeter tale? Magnolia Balm is the charmer that almost cheats the looking-glass.

high, built of solid granite, and every day it oscillates to and fro, as the heat of the sun expands the eastern or the

THE BROTHER'S PROMISE.

In a dark and dreary garret,
O'er a dirty London slum,
W here the blessed light of Heaven
And the sunshine soldon come,
All smidst this want and squalor—
This abode of sin and care—
Ley a little city aral;
Breathing out his small life there—

All alone save one—his alster—Younger still than he, who tried, All in van, to drive the anguish From his aching back and side Still she bent o'er him, caressing. And the while, in account mild, With a faint and feeble utterance, Slowly spoke the dying child;—

"I am dying, sister Nelbe;
And when I am cold and dead,
I shall be at rest in Heaven,
As the clergyman has said.
But you'll come eme day, my sister—
There is ruom for me and you;
It would not be Heaven, Nelle,
If you did not come there too.

"And if father comes to morrow
When he sees me lying dead,
He'll know, then, that I am not shamn
As, you know, he shways said,
Don't you be afraid he'll best you
When he comes to morrow moru;
I feel sure he will be kinder,
Neil, he looks so dull and worn.

"We have been good friends, my sister,
In our short life's pain and woo!
Though we've braved it both together,
You must stay while I must go.
I mm not afraid of dying.
To be freed from all this pain,
But I wish for your sake, Nellie,
I was well and strong again.

*Don't cry so, my darling sister:
Though I'm going far away.
I shall be a shining angel.
I'm a land of endless day:
And I'll always watch you, Nellie,
From my place in Heaven above—
I will ask doar 60d to let me,
And I know He is all love.

And I know He is all love.

"So, when I am up in Heaven,
In that pluce so fair to see,
I will look down, dear, upon you,
Though I know you won't see me;
And when all is hushed and silent,
And the stars gleam in the sky,
You will know I m looking, Nellie,
And be glad, and will not ory.

In a damp and dismal gravepard,
Where the bones of paupers lie,
Midst a crowd of applied blore,
Passed a little funcion of the condition of the colly one who sorrowed,
Only mourner of them all,
We as a little rugged maiden,
Sobbing o'er a colini small.

—Casadi's Fumily Mage

GRAVE-YARD ROMANCE

In Which the Guilty Are Punished

and the Innocent Rejoice.

Comfortably seated at breakfast one Sunday morning, after a long and arduous week's work, I heard my wife

"The young gentleman at Mrs. Martin's was brutally assaulted last There was nothing remarkable about

that, and, of course, it was no business of mme. I knew the lad by sight, and supposed that he had a little income. since he did no work and spent most of his time in billiard rooms, theaters or "He has been 'tight' and cheeky, I

suppose," was all that I said.

Just then my clost girl came to say that "Mr. Summers would esteem it a favor" if I would visit him for a short

I answered promptly that I would be with him in a quarter of an hour, but I could not understand how he came to

His brow had been cruelly cut by

blows of a life-preserver, he thought, imperfectly warded off by his um-

He had been attacked the previous night near the Deaf and Dumb Institute by the obelisk. He had also been atby the obelisk. He had also been attacked on two previous occasions, bothbeing on Saturday nights. It was clear to me that the young fellow had been systematically followed, dogged and that Saturday night was always chosen, because on such a night a fatal ending would more easily be accounted for by "a drunken braw!" "Mr. Summers," I said, "as a neighbor, what can I do for you?" "Ah!" be exclaimed, amiling. "It is evident you don't know me, and yet I know you. My name isn't Summers, ant Saumares."

This was a revelation to me. "You were the little lad, then," I

This was a revelation to me.
"You were the little lad, then," I said, "who was ready to swear that you gave a two-pound loaf to a beggar woman, although you knew that she stole it, and I knew that she stole it, when your father, who was a baker in Portman Place, wanted to give her into my custody." my custody."
"You've hit it."

I wasn't likely to forget the name of Saumarez, as it was emblazoned at one time in great letters of gold on a broad blue signboard, for every one to come and look at who patronized Portman

market.

Mrs. Saumarez, this young man's mother, was a fine, handsome woman.

Even at the period of which I speak she must have been over fifty years of age. Old Saumarez was a quiet man, of (supposed) German extraction, and owned three or four bakers' shops between Edgware road and Gray's Inn. He died suddenly while I was still a young constable and on duty in the neighborhood, laving his widow and son well provided for, and the former soon after married "Dr." Hassard, a chemist—a strange old fellow, with a chemist—a strange old fellow, with a pale face and glittering black eyes, who used to wear a black velvet skull cap all day in his shop, or "medical hall"; but I knew, and a few of his neighbors knew, that he used to go out about midnight dressed in a line, old-fash-ioned style, and most people suspected that he spent hours and hours before morning in a well known gambling house.

When I tell you that Mrs. Saumarez When I tell you that Mrs. Saumarez did not long survive her union with the "doctor", and that the latter shortly after sold his business and effects and departed to some unknown place. I have recounted all I knew up to the time of viciling young Saumarez, that time of visiting young Saumarez that

Sunday morning.

When he said: "You've hit it." I concluded, of course, to lose no more time regarding how he came to recognize the concluded. "You have been assaulted three times

my poor mother followed the old man I got nearly one hundred pounds in hard cash, and that has scarcely been touched."

I was surprised at his statement, and said so, for he dressed remarkably well and generally smoked good cigars.

"Well, the fact is, Mr. Poynter," he said, "I play a good game of billiards, and back myself for a little bit new and then."
"Have you over offended or exposed a betting man?"
"Never," he replied.

"And you have made no enemies all the years you have been over here?" "Well, I don't know," he faitered. "If I am to be of any assistance to you, you must try and recollect," I went on. "Whatever you tell me will

"Well," he said at last," "T've often thought, before these assaults even, that one day I would have to confide in that one day I would have to confide in you. I never lost sight of you, Mr. Poynter, from the day that you told my father that I did a noble thing when I suid I was ready to take an each to screen that poor, starving woman. I felt lonely when my mother died, and when you got promoted over that baronet's burglary affair, and moved over to this side of the water, I followed, and got lodgings on the opposite side of the road from you."

I am a plain man, and was not quite able to clutch the meaning of this. However, I let him go on.

able to clutch the meaning of this. However, I let him go on.

"Never mind," he proceeded; "I won't beat about the bush any longer. About twelve months ago I made the acquaintance of young Mr. St. John Manden, the lawyer, at a billiard room. We got very intimate, and sometimes we made appointments to go up or down the river for half a day, and at last I used to call at the offices of the firm, and, without ceremony, walk into my friend's room. One day I met his father there, and was introduced and honored by an invitation to dinner at their house. I met his sister Emily. and, as the invitations increased until they became one standing invitation for all or any hours in reason, I grew to be very fond of the young lady." "Naturally."

"Naturally."
"I never concaled my poverty, and indeed said nothing of the extras in the way of money I made; but nobody interfered between us until there came the quarrel and dissolution of partnership between Emily's father and uncle, and later one night, the dear girl said to me.

o me:

"You must never come here again.
Find some excuse, never mind what.
I can not tell you all, because I know
nothing clearly. It is hard for me to
speak against my own brother and
father, but I will be no party to their
plans; so you must aid me to spoil
them by forcetting that you agar see them by forgetting that you ever seen me.'
"I never can do that,' I said, earn-

estly. You must—at least until the full

can recollect.'

"Well," she said, hurriedly, as some one was heard approaching the part of the spacious garden to which she had drawn me, 'some relative of yours has died lately, or is expected to die, who is very wealthy. Do you not see—by marrying me the wealth would come into our family? You are supposed by my brother to be easily led, and my father believes him. I know them both well, I am sorry to say, and will, nover, under any circumstances, further their "honorable" ends. They think can recollect. was an eld acquaintance of my wife, but she always thought that I was "something in the city," as did most people in the neighborhood.

He was a tall, good-looking young fellow of about twenty-seven years. He was up, dressed in a manner and the doctor had been and dressed his infuries.

"I gave her the name of the place where I have luncheon at mostly—in

where I have luncheon at mostly—in Tottenham Court road—and left her for the last time, more fond of her than

The firm of Marsden Brothers & Garlon bad once been a fine one, but of late they had been associated with some shady city transactions, and I was not much surprised to hear the serious

shady city transactions, and I was not much surprised to hear the serious statement made by young Saumarez.

He proceeded to give me a great many particulars, which may well be omitted now, and at last came to a most interesting point:

"Yesterday I met young Marsden, and had the greatest difficulty in getting clear of him. He was oppressively cordial and all that, and asked me why I never came to Montagu street now. I got out of the difficulty by evasive answers, but was compelled to play, lunch, dine and go to the theater with him. At half-past eleven we parted at the corner of Mellington street, and, calling a passing hansom, I jumped in, telling the driver to go full speed for Tottenham Court road.

"A man was walking up and down in front of the illuminated restaurant, and several shabby fellows were lounging on the other side of the way. This, however, I did not realize until I had come out of the saloon, reading the small pink note sent by my dear girl. The message was an extraordinary one. I noticed that one man crossed to the others and, passing them, whispered and then returned to my side of

to the others and, passing them, whis-pered and then returned to my side of the way. Three of these fellows pushed against me as I crossed the road, and, I feel certain, attempted to snatch the

little note from me. I, however, got away in another cab, and soon found I was being followed."

It would be too tedious and unnecessary to the contract of th sary to follow his description of lest night's flight and pursuit and assault. The end of it all was that when they fine end of it all was that when they fancied him insensible they searched his pockets carefully, but they left watch and chain, and only took a little silver, when the policeman was heard approaching. They left, swearing and quarreling among themselves about some bit of paper, but Saumares had outwitted them, for, finding himself

outwitted them, for, finding himself anable to avoid coming to close quar-ters, he had destroyed it. "And may I ask what was written on the paper?" I inquired. "The words written on that paper,"

he replied, "are so strange that I am in agony of mind over them. They were written in peneil, and were, as nearly as I can remember, as follows: "This is terrible—more terrible than we know. How can I tell you? Can you believe us true to you, and sincere? You must! I have been betrayed or discovered. I fear. To morrow they take me away, I know not where. You must be at — Cemetery on Monday night (fth) an hour after midnight. If you can find a friend to truet let him accompany you, secretly. Watch and hide. A force would be useless, and defeat its object interference might be failed to yet and

I had had a few strange experience "You have been assaulted three times in less than three months." I remarked. "Have you any enemies?"

"I do not know of any."

"Are you wealthy?"

"No, I am not," he returned, smillingly. "My father left me an annuity of one hundred pounds a year, and I have never, since his death, spont, as an average, two pounds a week. When

He rose, painfully, and shook hands

It was a beautifully moonlit night when we got to the vicinity of the cem-etery. I knew the locality well, and very quickly selected a place for en-One of the boundary walls flanked a

One of the boundary walls flanked a solitary lane, and between the stone-work and the embankment thrown up for landscape gardening there was a very deep hollow, profusely planted with bushes of all kinds.

We were dressed as laboring men, and remained in the common bar of a hotel in the neighborhood until twolve o'clost. Then we cautiously returned.

hotel in the neighborhood until twelve o'clock. Then we cautiously returned to the spot indicated, and, notwithstanding the fact that George was sufsering from his late injuries, I succeeded in getting him over the sloping wall and following myself.

There were no houses in the immediate vicinity. The lodge was at the gates at the lower end of the grounds, and we rightly concluded that any secret expedition would keep as far from it as possible.

from it as possible.

An hour passed very slowly, and I for one was beginning to think that the paper was meant to get Saumarez out of town for that night, when we heard the sound of wheels coming up the road by which we had come.

This corner of the burial-ground formed such a tongue-like angle that one wall nearly faced the other. Chance had brought us to an admirable spot to view what was about to take place. On the other side the embank. place. On the other side the embank-ment within the wall was lower, and so, when the wheels stopped, we soon saw a dark figure rise above it, and gradually climb inside. Then another appeared, and the former stood ready to receive a supply of spades, a mat-tock and a bag of smaller tools. The second man now came up gradually, as if ascending a ladder—they had a short set of steps in the cart—a third followed, and last of all came a lady, deeply veiled.

After looking cautiously about they stopped by a tree, and one of the men, bending down, said softly:
"This is the spot."

The moon shone down on a small white marble cross, and after a whis pared conversation one of the men—

white marble cross, and after a whis pered conversation one of the menastranger to both ef us—threw off his cont and commenced digging.

I shall never forget the details of that night's work or the thoughts that filled my mind. The other two men shared the labor, but awkwardly, and the work progressed well only when the first digger was in the hideous, deepening hole. The veiled woman stood motioniess by the graveside, the moon's rays flitting in a ghastly way round her white cuffs, and shimmering through the thick veil to the pale face through the thick veil to the pale fac

At last the mattock struck with a hollow sound upon what must have been a coflin. The man below now "You must—at least until the full meaning of all I know is realized," she said. 'Has my brother ever spoken to you of your relations?'
"'Never,' I answered, 'as far as I was below.

with him in a quarter of an hour, but I could not understand how he came to know me. Mrs. Martin undoubtedly was an eld acquaintance of my wife, nor me. You must leave me, and be some mouldy drapery, plurged her. some mouldy drapery, plunged her arms into the empty coffin, crying, exultantly:
"I told you so."

They now set to work to lower it in its place. in its place.
"The man who spoke," said George
Saumarez in a whisper to me, "is St.
John Marsden."

Saumarez in a whisper to me, "is St. John Marsden."

We waited until the soil was all put back and pressed down somewhat skillfully by the principal operator. What remained he carefully gathered up and deposited close to the wall. Then the group separated, and slowly descended into the cart, which I knew was concealed by a high hedge and two walnut trees on the other side—an open space of the level of the road having been retained outside the wall, but within the old boundary of the field, for purposes best known to the designers of the cemetery.

When the cart drove away and was lost to sight we cautiously left our place of concealment and approached the white cross. George Saumerez grew deadly pale when he read those words:

"Sacred to the memory of Gregory

"Sacred to the memory of Gregory Saumarez, who died 21st September, 18—, aged sixty-three years; and Mar-garet Nehlson, his wife (afterward the wife of Godfrey Hassard), who died 19th of November, 18-, aged fiftythree years."
"Great Heavens!" he cried, "what is

the meaning of this?"
"I can not say," was my reply, "but I have a shrewd suspicion that your mother is alive. Were you at her funeral?" "The coffin was closed before I got

"The coffin was closed before I got home," he answered, "and I was so dazed with grief that I did not recognize the grave again. Besides, I was so hurt at her marrying Dr. Hassard that I could not make up my mind to visit her grave again."

The next morning I applied with my chief for a warrant against St. John Marsden, and other persons unknown, for sacrilegiously breaking open a certain grave. When I had arrested him at his office, I hurried to the residences of the doctors who had signed the death certificate of Mrs. Hassard, having sont other officers with the date of the decease to the principal insurance offices.

One of the medical men, Dr. B——,

One, of the medical men, Dr. B One of the medical men, Dr. B.—, was a grave old gentleman, who at once said that he had been brought in to consult with Dr. G.—, and being satisfied with the symptoms of heart disease and the other gentleman's treatment, he signed the certificate after viewing the dead body. He was appalled when I said that the coffin was senuty and results accompanied me to

empty, and readily accompanied me to the house of his colleague. We found him in, and when I mentioned the name of the lady who was supposed to have been dead, he cried: "I have been expecting this for years, and it is a relief, now it has come. during the summer months, and the report considers that the effect of the cometery of the more of certain drugs than the whole faculty. A great gambler, he lost and sand hide. A statis object to reu and card hide. A statis object to reu and experiences icideally the name of the companies. His control over his dead wife dated long before their marriage. He compelled her to take certain drugs that was the liter. I did that seemblance of death. When she had recovered and a weighted coffin was buried I took her at night, disquised, to Liverpool, where she lived during the summer months, and the report considers that the effect of the chental through the summar months, and the report considers that the effect of the chental through the whole and the whole and son fell in his power. To prevent his sweeping my home and practice away, I consented to join him in a terrible fraud to cheat insurance companies. His control over his dead wife dated long before their marriage. He compelled her to take certain drugs that brought about the semblance of death. When she had recovered and a weighted coffin was buried I took her at night, disquised, to Liverpool, where she lived

nearly six months, until he sold all and got the three thousand pounds for which her life was insured. Remem-

ber this, whatever comes-I don't be-lieve Mrs. Hassard was a voluntary party in the fraud."

When brought before the Magistrates
Dr. B— was liberated on his own
recognizance, but Dr. G— was remitted to prison.

St. John Marsden confessed that the

firm discovered that one Oscar Nelhson died worth thirty thousand pounds in New South Wales. They traced Mrs. Saumarez as his niece, and, in the be-lief of her death, endeavored to secure George, her son and natural heir. In the meantime his uncle discovered two daughters of a younger niece, and by this time a will was found which left all the property to his eldest surviving niece at the time of his death. The mother of these girls was certainly alive when he died. So they were looked upon as the heiresses, and it was thought wise by Uncle Marsden to "get George out of the way." The elder Marsdens separated, and as William, the eldest, favored one sister more than the other, the younger left his

the eldest, havored one sister more than the other, the younger left his side in disgust and came over to Henry and St. John, his son, and then whispered, for the first time, that she believed her aunt Margaret was still alive, from something she had heard while visiting her at Dr. Hassard's.

This opinion of hers led to the midnight excursion to the cemetery.

St. John's plan was to marry the younger daughter himself, and hurry to find the real live elder niece of the defunct Nehlson, and make good terms with her, since, if all he supposed turned out to be true, she could not return to England. As it happened, I was sent to America myself, and in a month discovered Dr. Hassard and his good-looking wife llying and prosperous in Boston. The old chemist, although prosperous as far as wealth was concerned, was on his death-bed, and a Judge, at his own request, was and a Judge, at his own request, was called in to take his dying deposition, and this not only exculpated his wife, but confessed the cruel pressure put upon Dr. G—— by him to accomplish the fraud.

Mrs. Hassard came to England with me and inherited the money, out of which she paid the insurance companies principal and interest for all the money they had been swindled out of. After several remands St. John Mars-

den and Dr. G— were committed, and at their trial were found guilty and got off with light punishment, consid-

got off with light punishment, considering the gravity of their crimes.
George Sammarez afterward married Emily Marsden, and I danced at their wedding. His cousins were cared for, and in course of time everybody concerned seemed tacilly agreed to forget all about Old Hassard's daring crime. I may add that when St. John Mars-den came out of prison he was a changed man, and young Saumarez generously forgave him. Dr. G—fell a victim to his folly, having died in the jail in-firmary literally of a broken heart.— Cincinnati Enquirer.

MISPLACED FRIENDSHIP.

How an Honest Countryman Was Deceived by a Finshy Hotel Clerk. There is one type of Arkansawyer who forms sudden and strong attachments, and who sometimes, after meeting a man once, afterward refers to bim as his friend. Nelson Boyle, of Polk County, is a man of this type. Several days ago he came to Little and, as he expressed it, decided to go to a hotel and live like a pet fox. He soon took a faney to a clerk. Why he took this fancy would be hard to say. On one or two occasions during the three days' visit of Mr. Boyle, the clerk leaned over from his lofty pedestal of dignity and spoke to him. This as-sured Mr. Boyle that his friendship for the clerk was returned. When his business with the court was settled, Mr. Boyle went down to be departing. good-bye. He thought of something appropriate to say and employed his online stock of warm words in framing

a form of invitation, which he knew would induce the clerk to visit him in the close future.
"Wall, Colonel," said Mr. Boyle, as
he laid one hand on the register, "I must leave you. I am sorry-"Front!" shouted the clerk,

"I am sorry to break a—"
"Front!"
"I have enjoyed myself very much in your society, and now I want you to

"Front!" "Promise me that next summer-" "Summer you will come out an' spend-" "Front!"

"Front!" yelled the clerk, as he glowered on the simple-minded countryman.

Mr. Boyle waited a moment and con "You won't find much style at my

"Front!"
"Look here, I want to know what you mean?'

you mean?"
"Front!"
The countryman hopped over the counter, seized the clerk by the collar with one hand, boxed his ears with the other and yelled "Front!" Then he jammed him into a corner and exclaimed "Front!" He pulled him out the counter was chook him and vociferof the corner, shook him and vocifer-ated "Front!" Still he was not satisfied. He seized the clerk's ping hat, showed his foot through the crown and, in a confidential and cordial manner, rehis hair in the middle. The oldish man seemed annoyed because he couldn't

marked: "Front!"
"Now, old Front," said he, as he gave the clerk's nose a parting twist, "I am about done. Whenever you feel like you want to go into the 'front' business again, send for me."-Arkansau Traveler.

Deforesting in New Hampshire.

The Forest Commission appointed our years ago by the State of New the annual value of the crude products the annual value of the crude products of the forests of that State is about five million dollars, which is about half that of the principal crops of the State; Deforesting has, according to local testimony collected by the Commission, much diminished the water power during the summer months, and the report considers that the effect of the denudation of the White Mountains upon manufactures and other great public interests will be as serious as that of the Adirondacks. Considering that Holyoke, Manchester, Nashua, Lowell, Lawrence and many other

Who Are Really Not as H There has been a great deal of thoughtless criticism of them-thoughtless, and, therefore, unjust. The essential idea of gossiping is the telling of small things. There is nothing very bad about that in itself considered. Oratory is the fine telling of large things. All men applaud that. But small things need to be told also, to make the sum of human intelligence complete. Indeed, they are often the determinate things. The little wheels play into the big ones and make them play into the big ones and make them go round. They are stupid philosophers who reckon only the big deeds and the big speeches. The littile every-days make the great crisis. A great speech is only the noble condensation of a lot of small talk.

Gossiping of itself, then, has no bad character. Dickens is a great crisis, the property of the pro

bad character. Dickens is a great gossip, but his details of talk seem to be appreciated, and to have some value. Telling things may be a very good thing. All depends on how it is done. We would make progress very slowly if the doings of yesterday were not told as a guide for the doings of to-day. And what a desperately dull affair this life would get to be if only stilted events and great occasions were discoursed about. What strutting Don Quixotes we would be reduced to, and what a huge joke life would become. Small talk is to line speech very much what the pinch of salt is to the joint of mutton—it gives it flavor.

what the pinch of salt is to the joint of muton—it gives it flavor.

Let us, then, be discriminating, so shall we be just. For there are gossips—and gossips. For instance, there are garrulous gossips. Their small talk has no specific character. They do not pick out any particular line of things to talk about. They have no purpose in their talking. They are simply channels. The ears tell it to the tongue, and the tongue to the neighbortongue, and the tongue to the neighbor-hood. They talk because they are shal-low, fill up very easily, and so run over. Like Tennyson's Brook, they just run on said on forever. Whether their talk shall be a bane or a blessing depends altogether on their surrounc-ings. If they hear and see pleasant things, they will fill listening ears with things of that sort. They do not color things; they do not vitrolise them.

They are like sandy soil that does not tinge the summer brook. They are a sort of daily paper without editorial comment. They publish their small world just as it lies around them.

What is the use of blavning that kind What is the use of blaming that kind of gossips? This world was not made to be kept under a bushel. Blame facts, events, things, but not the facts, events, things, but not the congue that gives them publicity. Publicity waits on every thing. The gossip only hurries the inevitable process.

But there are less lovely kinds of gossip. There is the venomous gossip. He is not content to tell things. He must inject into them an evil meaning. He is a sort of talking cuttle fish. His words darken every thing account him.

He is a sort of talking cuttle lish. His words darken every thing around him. His own spleen goes into the simplest event or fact, and instantly its color is changed. A harmless that between a pair of school-girls takes on a Guy Fawks air. Old bousewives' talk across the garden fence becomes redolent of tressons. Nothing simply happens. Commonest events have some hidden and dangerous meaning. One such gossip can touch off a whole neighborhood and throw it into fits of most violent explosion. When the explosions lent explosion. When the explos around in every direction, disjectate membra, then the venomous gossip is happy. He works for results, is not content till he sees them. The bigger the wreck the greater his contentment.

It gives him new subject for talk. He can gossip about the fragments. Then there is the insinuating gossip. Things are not merely told. Neither Then there is the insinunting gossip. Things are not merely told. Neither are they falsified. They are given with a slight twist. It may not be in word. Perhaps only an accent, a gesture, a look. Pantomime supplements speech and slightly changes its direction. The fact is exaggerated. A trifle becomes important. The insignificant attains to some significance. The idle word gets to have intelligence. Small talk gets larger. The way of saving a thing gets larger. The way of saving a thing

The reader has doubtless met with still other varieties. This society has many points of attack. The best protection is a noble pursuit. It is difficult to gossip about Mount Blanc. An idle life of eating and drinking and being merry affords ample scope for silly, or sly, or sinister speech. But a life driven earnestly forward along lines of useful activity offers little advantage to that microscopic spirit of gossip which must have small things to engage its attention. The man or woman who attention. The man or woman who has no time to listen to gossip is pretty secure against being the subject of it.

—Interior.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The Amenities of Life as Displayed by Members of the "Purfesh." An oldish, thick-set man, with side whiskers and a bald head, got on the train at Amsterdam the other day to come into the city, and he was obliged to take a seat alongside of a young man who wore eye-glasses and parted

get a seat alone, and the young man took no pains to conceal the fact that he was mad at being disturbed. "The place for dudes," said the old man, as he wriggled around, "is in the baggage-car."
"And the place for hogs," replied
the other, "is on a freight train."
"H'm: How do I know you aren't a

pickpocket?"
"And how do I know you aren't murderer?"
"H'm! I think I'd better call the "Don't give yourself away, old

"Don't you talk that way to me."
"And don't you try to bluff me."
At that moment the conductor came along, and as he took the oldish man's ticket he gave both a sharp look, and

said:
"If one of you try any of your tricks on this train I'll make it the saddest event of your lives."

"H'm! 'Scuse me," said the oldish man to the dude as the conductor passed on. "I didn't know you belonged to the purfesh."

"And 'scuse me, partner, I'm just out of the cooler, and don't know any of the new gang. Let's shake."—N. Y. Star.

-Nellie Gould, the only daughter of Jay Gould, joined the West Presby-terian Church in New York recently. Mr. Gould was present at the service....

Spring Has Come Gentle Annie

AND SO HAVE MY

New Goods,

And I have now on hand a bran new and complete stock of

SPRING SUITS.

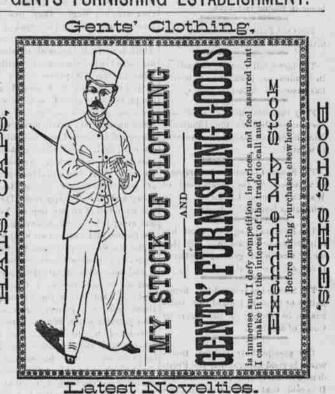
New Style Hats,

Norfolk Jackets.

Nobby Neckwear

-And the Latest thing out in every article of-LOTHIN

TO BE FOUND IN A GENTS' FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT.



I have knocked the bottom out of prices on goods, and if you want anything in my line from a collar-Batton to a New Spring Suit, do not buy until you have inspected my stock.

And bits of character are lying Remember My Motto - "Wright Wrongs No One."

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THE LOUISVILLE BRYANT gets to have intelligence. Small talk gets larger. The way of saying a thing often masks the thing. Thus the insinuating gossip makus a good story, and his or her veracity can not be impeached. Was not the truth told? What if a shrug of the shoulder did give it a twist.

The reader has doubtless met with still reader has doubtless met with still reader has doubtless met with

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